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So Here Is the Tale

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ATM.



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The Leatherneck

THE LEATHERNECK is published every Saturday by the Marine Corps Institute, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., in the interest of the Marine Corps, the Marine Corps Institute and the Marine Corps League. It has a World-wide Paid-in-advance subscription list including every post and Station where Marines are on duty, every detachment of the Marine Corps League, every Capital ship in the U. S. Navy and many libraries, reading rooms, clubs and colleges throughout the United States, as well as thousands of ex-Marines and relatives of Marines.

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Aerial Adventures in Hispaniola

Lieut. Hayne D. Boyden

U. S. Marine Corps.

Reprinted by courtesy of "U. S. Air Services"

FROM the time Columbus first sailed up the quiet waters of the Ozama River with his three sea-weary caravels, and secured his flag-ship to the trunk of a mighty tree on the river's bank, the Isle of Santo Domingo has been a land of adventure. What Hispaniola was in the days before the coming of the Spaniards is lost in the legends of the Indians, but since that time the very mention of its name has suggested a place obscure, where one might have adventures of almost any kind, of lost mines where the Spaniards got their gold, and of hidden treasure.

The island has charmed all who gazed upon it. Set in a sea of deep blue-green water, with its palm fringed shores, broad savannahs, fertile plains and lofty mountains cloud-topped, it has lured them back to its shores. Columbus returned to spend his last days in the island he loved so well, and today his bones rest in the interior of the old cathedral at the capital. Attracted by the wonderful stories of the richness of the island many gentleman adventurers of the Spanish Main, buccaneers, and colonists flocked to its shores.

In the early annals of the New World the island of Santo Domingo, or Haiti, as it is often called, figured colorfully. First fighting between the Spaniards and the Indians and the subjugation of the latter. Then quarreling and fighting amongst themselves, and later the intermittent raiding of the seacoast towns by the pirates or some country at war with Spain. Those early voyagers of the sea never dreamed that their descendants would behold voyagers of the upper blue passing over at incredible speed in "argosies of magic sail," as Tennyson so aptly puts it.

NEAR the water's edge several hundred yards up from the mouth of the river is the huge mahogany stump, all that is now left of the tree to which tradition says Columbus secured the Santa Maria in days of old. If it could only talk all the world would listen in rapture to the tales it could tell. It knew the island when only the peace loving Indians roamed its plains, climbed its lofty mountains and bathed in its clear cool waters. It saw the Spanish craft drift lazily up the river, and wondered; but no stranger thing did it ever behold than the first plane flying over, floating up there seemingly on nothing. It marvelled at the sailing craft of the Marines.

Flying in Santo Domingo offers continuous possibilities for adventure. The country is tropical and verdant, and with the stretches of jungle and rugged mountain ranges frequented by storms, uncertain native element and lack of communication, it makes a forced landing an adventure in itself. Every pilot who has ever pushed a crate around the aerial ways of the island in its clear tropical air could tell many highly interesting

stories. Therefore let us listen in on some of the incidents that befell a pilot of the U. S. Marine Corps Aviation while on duty with the squadron in Santo Domingo.

While going down on a steamer of that ancient New York-Dominican Line to assume my duties with the squadron in Santo Domingo, I heard many colorful stories of the island which I was slowly approaching. Tales of how one might quickly make fortunes in raising cocoa for the cocoa market, sugar cane for the sugar market, or felling valuable timber like mahogany with which the island

the smartest deal he ever put over was the one concerning paint clay. He told one of his fellow passengers, whom I shall call Chadwick, about a wonderful bit of land that he himself owned near the capital, which possessed paint clay of the best quality known, but that he did not have the money to work it.

Chadwick became interested and on arriving in port at the capital requested the old sea captain to let him have a sample of the paint clay. Thereupon Captain Jones despatched a native to a little town about twenty-five kilometers inland for some of the clay. On his return the box of clay was sent to Chadwick, who at once sent it to a chemist in New York City to be analyzed. A cable from the chemist advised Chadwick to purchase the land where the paint clay came from at once. A following letter from the chemist to Chadwick said: "Paint clay—paint clay Hell; it's the richest gold ore I ever examined." So Chadwick got a lease on the land, returned to the States, got a well-known capitalist of Philadelphia interested, formed a big company to mine the paint clay and expected to reap untold profits.

They started to mine the paint clay. Captain Jones had represented it as paint clay, had sold the land for twenty-five thousand dollars as paint clay, and paint clay it was, because the old sea captain had gold-salted it!



LIEUT. HAYNE D. BOYDEN

abounded, made me wonder why every one was not already down there doing some of these things. But the most interesting story of all and the one that left the deepest impression on me was the following:

THERE was an old retired sea captain named Jones who made Santo Domingo City his home, whether for the balmy climate, or for reasons of business I never heard. He made a practice of riding the steamers every so often from New York to Santo Domingo and of interesting some of the likely passengers in some Wallingford project or other in the island, his profits depending upon how gullible his prospects were.

Sometimes he got them interested in one thing and sometimes in another, but

MY FIRST cross-country flight in Santo Domingo was a good initiation into the country, its flying possibilities and limitations. The day after reporting for duty, I left the field at Consuelo with Lieutenant Rovegno. He was to show me several of the landing fields of the eastern district and then proceed with the military mail to the capital, Santo Domingo City. Our squadron, in addition to its other duties, maintained a regular service between the principal towns of the republic. Our field at that time was on one of the larger sugar estates near the town of San Pedro de Macoris. Strange to say, years ago I had gone to school with Rovegno, and now he was showing me the aerial way around the old island of Hispaniola which we had studied about together.

After looking over some of the fields in the eastern district we turned and flew west until we passed Monte Plata, a little town nestled at the foot of the range of mountains about forty miles inland. When we had left Monte Plata about ten miles behind, and were ready to turn south to the capital, a big storm was coming inland covering the country from the mountains to the sea.

We turned northward over the mountains and after flying thirty minutes landed at San Francisco de Macoris, which is near the middle of the northern valley, the heart of Santo Domingo



Courtesy of U. S. Air Service

Air Mail Plane following the Night New York-Chicago Trail across the Alleghenies

Photo from U. S. Air Mail Service

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After we had lunched with the commanding officer, we filled our tanks, took off and headed south to recross the mountains and make Santo Domingo City. Flying over this northern valley is an impressive sight indeed. Stretching far away on all sides is the floor of the valley, covered with luxurious tropical vegetation, clusters of coconut palms here and there, while the little patches of cultivated ground with their thatched huts contrast strongly with the wildness of the surrounding country. On each side of the valley mountain ranges extend from east to west, lifting their dark blue peaks into the roof of the clouds.

AFTER we had been flying toward the southern range for twenty minutes, all of a sudden fluey—fut..fut..fut.. fut..fut..the motor began to miss! Rovegno nosed her over and effected a landing in one end of a large savannah. Our wheels had scarcely touched the ground when natives came running towards us from all directions out of the edge of the savannah. It was fringed with plantain and banana trees and palms, while here and there a thatch roofed hut stood at the edge, half concealed by the dense vegetation. The story flashed through my mind of Lieut. MacFayden's sergeant observer in Haiti just at the other end of this same island, whom the Cacos killed and it was reported ate, while he was guarding a plane which had been forced down. I had a vivid picture of being cooked in some cannibal's pot within an hour.

You see this country looked pretty wild to me and this was my first cross-country hop down here. Get the picture: two pilots practically unarmed, down on this huge savannah with a non-functioning motor. On all sides, tropical jungles; in the distance densely forested blue mountains rising high to meet the descending sun, and numbers of wild looking natives coming towards us, some afoot, others on horse back, but all unquestionably making us their objective.

I was scared and admit it. Rovegno didn't like the prospects very much either, though he had been flying there half a year so he gave her the gun, and to add to my suspense she must have run a mile before taking off; and the motor loggy. She finally got off, up to fifty feet; he banked her over to turn when she cut out cold. He tried to kick her back into the wind. She stalled, and crashed in on her nose and wheels.

I saw the ground coming up at me awfully fast as she was going over onto her back, so I pulled my head into the cockpit. As we stopped I unbuckled my safety belt and fell out on my hands. Hardly had I regained my feet when I heard "Rovo" hollering amongst the wreckage in the front cockpit. "Get out, get out quick, she's going to burn!" I said, "Get out yourself, I'm already out watching you trying to get out." When he finally extricated himself from the wreckage, he looked the remains of the old crate over and swore.

THERE we were, a hundred miles from our home field, in the deep interior of Santo Domingo, natives coming up from all around, some armed with pearl handled Smith & Wesson's, all with fighting Machetes.

I thought things looked pretty bad for us. Rovegno had a service Colt auto-

matic while I had only a Very's signal pistol. I reckon my gun looked very formidable to them though, with its ten gauge barrel.

But the natives turned out to be very friendly, which lifted the great weight from my mind of the possibility of being eaten by one of those wild birds. Some of those *hombres* must not have seen each other for years, though they lived on opposite sides of the same savannah. They embraced each other Dominican bear-hug fashion and talked and talked. Finally, after much talking, they gave us horses and directed us to San Francisco de Macoris, nearly thirty miles away. The road we were to follow was nothing more than a Dominican trail used by people mounted, afoot, or occasionally an ox team. It wound through dense woods, across streams, past ground thickly planted with plantain banana trees, and now and then we would see a hut in a little cleared place away back from the road. Only a narrow rift of sky was visible directly above the trail through the dense vegetation. A steady rain was falling, mosquitos buzzed incessantly, and the black mud in the trail was often up to the knees of the little horses we were riding. Now and then a native would pass with the usual greeting so common amongst them—Adios! Night was falling and our rain soaked shuck saddles were becoming more and more uncomfortable. I was seeing the tropics immediately first hand, deep in the jungles. Our feelings were anything but optimistic. We were leaving our plane behind, a wreck; the rainy season seemed to be setting in and we were wet, hungry and disgusted.

AFTER riding two hours in the dark, darkness that you could cut into and feel, we arrived at last at the little railway junction on the LeVega—Santiago Railroad called La Jina. Yes, they have what they call a railroad down here, but it is an awful excuse for one as we know. After waiting an hour at La Jina a dinky little engine came puffing laboriously in, drawing two small coaches after it. They looked as good to us as if they had been Pullmans on the Pennsylvania Line. A short spur of twelve miles connected San Francisco de Macoris with the main line at La Jina, so we made the rest of our journey in express time, one hour. It takes just an hour to make it, for the train runs six miles, stops, the engineer and fireman get down from their cab and dip water from the ditch for the tank, and refill the tender's supply of firewood with sticks from piles nearby or in the woods.

Macoris was certainly a welcome sight, though we could not see much of it, there being very little light shining from the flickering oil lamps here and there along the streets.

We set out next morning on a hand-car at four o'clock for La Jina, it being too early for trains. Having arrived at the rail junction, we changed from hand-car to burros. Thus mounted, we reached the scene of the wreck on the large savannah. You would have thought a native Billy Sunday was going to make a lecture on Dominican ethics to have seen the crowd that was assembled. Most of the women had all their children with them, shading from light yellow to jet black, from eight to ten years old to babes in arms. The news of the wreck

must have spread by bush wireless for miles around during the night and from the "Como esta's" and adios mingled with all kind and classes of spick jabber, those people must not have been in the habit of seeing each other more than once or twice in their lifetime.

OFTEN in disassembling the plane we needed help in numbers and we surely had it. Each of the men wanted to show his acquaintances that he knew more about this strange thing than any of the rest. The whole task consumed two days, for it was quite a job with the few tools we had, a monkey wrench, a pair of pliers and a screw driver. The second day we returned to Macoris for the night, but in the forenoon on the third day we were ready to start with the dismantled plane for La Jina, eighteen miles away. We started the motor off first on the back of sixteen *hombres*. We told them we wanted to get it from where it was to La Jina, but left the ways and means to them. They rigged up four poles crossing each other, with the motor in the middle. Then a man placed himself in each square and off they started. We then distributed the rest of the plane among the crowd, and were under way. It surely was a funny sight to look about the savannah and see a wing traveling along, the men who were carrying it through the deep pampas grass not being visible; then in another direction a flipper, aileron, or the rudder. Finally the fuselage brought up the rear, riding along on the backs of twenty men.

THE going was difficult indeed. At one place we had to cross a river on a Dominican ferry. The banks were steep, muddy, and slippery, and on the far side at the top were some trees through which the fuselage had to be worked. On the bank of this stream was a Dominican store, the stock of which included anything from clothes to rum. The Dominicans would go no further. They raised their price fifty cents for the day and said they wanted bread and rum. We had no money to make these purchases with except chits (I.O.U.). With these we got them what they wanted. The old storekeeper seemed willing enough to let us have the stuff on chits. He expressed his feelings regarding the Americans being in control of things on the island. He also said how disappointed he had been, as a very young man, that Santo Domingo had not been made a territory of the United States when the Dominicans at that time had requested it. He said he was glad they had come and hoped they would stay always; that now was the first time that the people could raise cattle, cultivate and harvest their product without fear of molestation from some bandit chief, who probably would drive their cattle away and steal their crops.

AFTER our men had eaten their bread and drunk freely of the rum, they went along with much more pep. It was good they did for it was now raining heavily and our road was nearly knee-deep in mud. Both sides of the trail were lined with dense forests, now and then patches of banana and plantain trees. Everything still, tropical, dripping with the falling rain, and only the

buzzing of the mosquitos and the talk of the natives broke the silence.

Darkness was setting in and our men were getting ill tempered. They growled about carrying the fuselage through the mud rain and darkness. Every one was now soaked to the skin. Our destination seemed no nearer and we had no lanterns and it was fast getting pitch dark. Twilight practically does not exist—it's light, then it's dark, peculiar to the tropics. Several of the men muttered something

Suddenly I was awakened by an especially rough place in the track, and looked back to see how flat car number two was faring, but imagine my surprise when from the light of the engine's firebox I saw that number two had left us. I shouted to Rove to stop the train. Casey Jones, a-la-Dominicana, brought her up with a jerk. I listened; yes, I could hear her coming down the tracks, clickety clack, clickety clack. I

That afternoon we loaded our crate on the S. S. *Huron* and shoved off for Macoris. The *Huron* put in at the little village of Samana at the mouth of the Bay to take on a little cargo and allow several passengers from Sanchez to disembark. The little harbor of the town Samana is a most picturesque place, wild and peculiarly attractive. It is an atoll bay with a single passage for ships into the Bay.

We put out of it just after dusk and



Nice level country over which to fly, showing typical terrain on Island of Haiti, Santo Domingo, over which Marine flyers operate constantly.

about quitting and leaving everything where it was and going home to their *casas* and *senoras* but Rovegno told the Chief to urge them on. They grumbled but kept moving through the darkness. Rovegno and I were careful to keep in the rear and together. We trailed along through the darkness for three hours before reaching La Jina, the railroad junction, at 10.00 p. m. It certainly seemed like a haven of rest.

ROVEGNO got into the engine cab with the engineer, who was some Casey Jones, for now and then he got as many as fifteen miles out of that special. I crawled into the front cockpit of the fuselage, on the leading flat car, pulling one of the aluminum side cowlings of the ship over me to try to keep out the rain which was coming down in torrents. We had a seventy-five mile trip on this little dinky railroad through jungles and swamps before we reached the coast. With much groaning, jerking, and hissing, we got under way. The compass in my seat read due east, the clock on the dash showed eleven. The rain spattered continuously on my aluminum roof. I was already wet to the skin, but managed to doze off a little.

hollered to Rovegno, "Shoot her the kerosene; if that flat-car hits us, fini."


The engineer opened up, got under way, went half a mile, stopped. We listened—not a sound. The noise had ceased, and no flat car was in sight. Had the car jumped the track and lost half our ship? We wondered. We backed up a quarter of a mile and to our surprise found it sitting quietly on the tracks. We coupled up and after going about thirty miles more arrived at the little town of Sanchez. It is a seaport at the head of Samana Bay, and the terminal of the road. This Samana Bay is a beautiful body of water. All the Navies of the world could be put into it, with room to spare.

THE day we arrived was quite a big one for the little port. In the harbor we saw two Naval aircraft mother ships for the squadron of planes making the winter cruise through the Windward Isles. Several of the big gray seaplanes were flying along just above the water here and there, and over this Bay, bordered with the mountains, fringed with palms and tropic jungles, they seemed like prehistoric birds searching the waves for food.

I'll never forget the picture. The lights from the town were twinkling along the water's edge at the other side of the little harbor. The encircling mountains rose from the deepening gloom of the palm fringed shore into huge masses silhouetted against the glittering heavens of a tropic night. Just now, as we pulled slowly out into the Bay, the moon came out from behind a cloud, and lighted up the whole scene. It seemed fairy-like now. The moonlight sparkled on the waves gently lapping the narrow strip of sandy beach where the palms stood glistening, shadowy and still. The propeller of our boat churned a snow white wake, making a path in the moonlight back to the magic little harbor; but soon the shore grew dim and we were rocking in the waves of the old Atlantic, turning south to enter the Caribbean through Mona Passage.

Later the squadron was moved from Consuelo, to Santo Domingo City, a more central location. Both of these towns are seaports on the Caribbean.

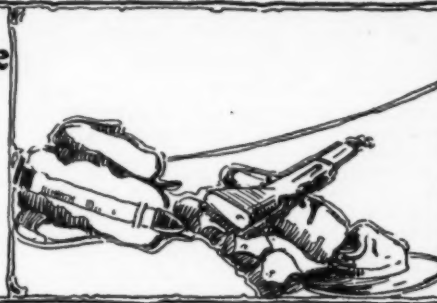
This is the first of two papers by Lieut. Boyden. The next will appear in an early issue—The Editor.



WEEKLY REPORT
Marine Corps Institute

July 25, 1925

Total number individuals enrolled	7,563
Total number individuals enrolled since last report	81
Total number individuals disenrolled since last report	284
Number examination papers received during week	1,132
Number examination papers received during year	35,594
Total number graduates to date	2,284



This page is devoted to articles written for THE LEATHERNECK by prominent men

A MARINE MUST KNOW HOW

A man can enlist in the Marine Corps and can serve without actually getting into trouble or bringing discredit upon himself and yet not be a *Marine*.

When a Marine goes to sea, for instance, he may merely stand his watches. He will not incur any trouble this way but he will not show himself a true Marine. A true Marine is as much a part of the ship as the main engines. He *knows how* to do anything he is asked to do; from manning a battery of three or five-inch guns to rigging clothes lines; from manning a life boat to shining a steel stanchion; from standing signal watches on the bridge, to cooking in the galley.

What is true of sea-service is true of all Marine activity. A Marine must know how. To know how a man must study.

The Marine Corps Institute teaches a man to do many things and best of all it gives a man the opportunity to exercise his brain in learning the subjects which are the foundations of all branches of learning—the ordinary common school and high school branches. By using the Institute a Marine learns to *know how to do it*, no matter what it may be.



JOHN T. MYERS, Colonel, U. S. Marine Corps.

PROMOTION

There is only one man in the Marine Corps who **cannot** be promoted, and he is the Commandant. Promotion is at least possible for everybody else. It depends on two things, character and knowledge. If you have the character mail this slip.

THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE, Washington, D. C.

I am a of Marines. I want to get the rank of
 Tell me what I should study.

Name Organization

Place (Free to Marines) (3-7)

MARINE BARRACKS, NAVAL AMMUNITION DEPOT, PUGET SOUND, WASHINGTON

By Rufus

1st Lieut. F. S. Chappelle is our C. O., and, during the past eight months that he has been here, has been very successful in making this post a home. Court-Martials have been so few that they have been conspicuous by their absence; and, except in cases of regular discharges, there have been no changes in the personnel. Considering the fact that this command, of thirty-five enlisted men, is subsisting on the computed ration allowance, we feel that we have reasons to be proud of our "HOME."

Sgt. J. G. Coyle is our Actg. 1st Sgt., and is not married, except to his Nash roadster.

Sgt. R. F. Smith is the Mess Sgt., and up to the present writing has been successful in evading casualties.

Pvt. 1st Cl. E. L. Krieger is our 1st cook, and we hope he'll continue as such. The pies he puts out make the boys for-

NATIONAL ADJUTANT VISITS PITTSBURGH DETACHMENT

Major J. C. Fegan, Officer in Charge of Marine Recruiting and National Adjutant of the Marine Corps League recently visited Pittsburgh, Pa., where he inspected the Recruiting Office and addressed the Pittsburgh Detachment of the Marine Corps League.

Major Fegan also toured the city with Major Fred S. N. Erskine and Mr. J. Stewart Gray, formerly a Marine officer.

Several members of the Lillian Russell Moore Detachment have declared their intention to join the Pittsburgh Detachment.

The Pittsburgh Detachment has decided to contribute to the perpetuation of the Belleau Wood Memorial Association which is supporting a corps of caretakers at the "Wood of the Marine." A sum of \$1,000 is needed yearly to keep up the work of caring for these grounds.

get all about the pies their mothers used to make.

Pvt. 1st Cl. H. Brady was promoted to Cpl. the other day. We used to call him "Blitz;" now he's "Blitzer."

Range season is about over for us, and we are not sorry. Camp Lewis, Wash., has neither the best nor the worst range in the world; but we miss the good old U. S. M. C. Rifle Range at Olalla, Wash. At that, about 95% of the command are qualified.

Oh Yes! Our C. O. and Actg. 1st Sgt. went fishing at Point No Point, Wash., the other day. They went to town and just about depleted the supply of fishing tackle on the local market, spent one whole day getting ready, got up at 4:00 G. X. the next morning and went fishing, stayed there all day and came home with one fish and several alibis. Does anyone want to buy some slightly-used fishing tackle?

MARINE BARRACKS, NAVY YARD, BOSTON, MASS. G. W. M.

The Adjutant and Inspector has been inspecting the Marine Detachments and Posts in the vicinity of Boston for the past week, and spent the 13th and 14th with us.

Pay Clerk Edward L. Claire will be detached to Cavite, P. I., in the near future.

Gy-Sgt. Bernard G. Betke has been transferred to the Rifle and Piston Team, Wakefield, Mass.

A detail of ten to fifteen men are firing the Range at Wakefield each week, and so far only one man has failed to qualify.

At Your POST EXCHANGE

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Slowly, silently, she yielded to his fond embrace. The great red moon smiled down in approval. As he clasped her in his arms and pressed a kiss on her upturned lips, she softly murmured—
(To be continued)

Lehigh Burr.

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"SO, HERE'S THE TALE—"

By Jack Emerson,
U. S. M. C., '23-'25

HOW SKIPPER WON HIS SPURS

O have you heard the story
How Skipper won his spurs?
'Twas in the Belleau sector,
Or someone so avers:

The "Big Push" was a-borning
Throughout the Allied host;
And Sergeant "Skipper" Culnan
Held observation post.

His job to reconnoitre,
The C. O. to apprise
Of any hostile movement
Before the sun should rise.

They lay out in a shell-hole—
'Twas mud up to the thigh;
There, maimed must soon be succored
Or down they sink and die.

"The harvest now is over
At home," a young lad said,
"But yet we wield our sickle
Here 'mid the thronging dead.

I'd like to stretch my limbs now
Before a huge hearth-fire,
And harke to thrilling stories
Told by my pi'neer sire."

"A noble aspiration,"
Our Skipper blithely 'greed;
"But here we're due to tarry
Till Belgae-land is freed

Of all the Teuton rabble,
Hell-poured among these hills;
Till silenced is their War Lord,
And right are France's ills."

Across the inky night-vault
A star-shell arched its way,
And, low-descending, brightened
All 'round about like day.

A Prussian scouting party
Lay just in front, a-ground.
"Up! At 'em, lads," cried the Skipper,
And dealt a mortal wound

Upon the foremost bullet—
Shaped scone that it might land;
Then—pistol, dirk, and bay'net—
They closed; 'twas hand-to-hand.

But 'twas a fore-doomed conflict—
No fifteen Huns e'er dwelt
Who from five Leatherneck lads
Could grasp the victor's belt.

And when the scrap was finished
The Skipper stood alone,
His body sorely wounded,
His buddies West-ward gone.

But—no! there was a stirring
Of life in one slumped form;
And bending, Skipper found him
The rural lad, sans arm.

"Ill soon be pushin' poppies,"
He smiled with tired eyes;
"The plough turns from the furrow,
And so the ploughman dies."

"No, lad, I'll take ye safely
Back to the rear for aid.
What! Ye'll not give in lightly,
After the game ye've played?"

So Skipper raised him deftly,
And staggered through the mud
Back to a dressing-station,
Soaked in their mingled blood.

(A man erect quite clearly
His silhouette defines
'Gainst glaring fire-horizon
Viewed from a hostile line.)

A Maxim coughed forth madly
Its hail of mis'ried death,
And gallant Skipper stopped one—
He staggered, caught his breath.

His eyes were wet, salt-blinded;
His strength was ebbing fast;
But on he dragged his burden
Until the lines were passed.

He reached the dressing-station,
The lad slid to the ground,
While Skipper stood there paling;
"You're hurt," the surgeon frowned.

"'Tis but a scratch," said Skipper,
"A pin-prick, nothing more,"
Smiled wanly, and fell, mutt'ring,
"The honor of the Corps!"

The Forty-ninth Company,
Fifth Reg-ment, on parade;
Our Skipper, "Front and center,"
A second "looe" made.

The Gen'ral pinned the D. S. C.
And Navy Cross on too;
And then the whole proud regiment
Was marched by in review.

And now you've heard the story
How Skipper won his spurs,
A-fighting for the glory
Of the Corps that's his—and yours.
—C. L. E.

MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. S. HURON

On duty with: U. S. Naval Landing
Force,
Shanghai, China.
24 June, 1925

On 30 May, 1925, in Shanghai, there was an outbreak of students from several Chinese colleges. These students had and still have, the idea that all foreigners should be forcibly ejected from China and treaties made to the effect that they would never return. So enthusiastic were these students and so convincing their propaganda, that their ranks were soon swelled, by their many sympathizers, to a mob. The immediate result of such goings-on was that on Nanking road the Municipal Police opened fire killing several Chinese; others were imprisoned and the mob dispersed.

We were en route from Shanghai to Chefoo at the time and three days after our arrival in Chefoo (3 June, 1925), we were ordered via the destroyer Stewart (224) and mine-layer Hart (8) back to Shanghai. This was a very enjoyable trip, the only one being sick was our ex-police sergeant and Father-of-the-blues, Sgt. Morgan.

Two days aboard these speed boats found us in Shanghai where we immediately disembarked and relieved a detachment of gobs at Shanghai College from which its students had been ousted. The first night a double guard was put on for, although we did not really be-

lieve all the reports that were brought in to us about the incredibly large number of Chinese that were to attack us, etc., neither did we want to leave ourselves open to any little surprise parties.

After a few days our uneasiness was a thing of the past; our future was much more interesting. You see, the Shanghai College which is now our quarters (and good ones too) is situated in the heart of the foreign residential section and, that being true, as well as the fact that we were allowed no liberty at that time, anything other than aqua pura to quench our parching throats was not to be had.

Now you all know that such conditions cannot long endure. Consequently there was much scheming among the troops and 'twas not long before a few, then a few more and finally many faces wore that satisfied look, so it was with one voice the Huron Marines cheered, "Viva la Guerra China."

Undoubtedly you readers will say, to yourselves, "Hump, I don't call that much of a war." But we can prove differently. It is a known fact that when the civil population shows a warm hand and has a hearty "Good morning" upon meeting, and an improvised canteen truck is sent around to the sentries in the middle of night with sandwiches, cookies, hot cocoa and coffee, and when cigarettes, candies and reading material are given us as though we were the Royal Family of Carta Blanca, there is something wrong, and peace is not wrong.

At present as I have already stated, conditions are returning to normal which means that we might be sent back to the Huron 'most any day. I am afraid such a turn in events would meet with strong disapproval, especially by members of the staff, namely: 1st Sgt. Jordan, Sgt. Thomas and some others, as well as by our ever present sheiks, like Sgt. Giacometti, Tptr. Toomey and a few others. These people are not without reasons for any kick they might offer for, we have liberty now from 1:00 p. m. to 7:00 p. m.; the best bar where the best drinks are mixed and in the best hotel in Shanghai to boot, is just one block away; the people living in this part of town seem to have taken an unusual fancy to members of this organization. Of course you can hardly blame them for those of us who cannot get by on our looks have something much better, and that is a wonderful and enchanting line.

We shall leave you now with this much of our story for to tell you more would cause so much envy on the part of other Marines the M. G. C. would grow very tired of refusing requests for transfer to our outfit, and he might even go to extremes by reprimanding us for broadcasting our 'pickins' as it is detrimental to the moral of other organizations.

So, with hopes that the war lasts all summer, we remain,

Your sincere brothers-in-arms,
MARINE DETACHMENT,
U. S. S. Huron.
Cpl. Robert B. Smith.

WHERE IS—

Trumpeter Jesse L. Pace and Trumpeter Harry D. Hetrick. Trumpeter Walter E. Goodman of the Marine Detachment, U. S. S. Arkansas, would like to hear from them.

HERE'S and THERE'S
Clp. "LAB"

One by one the time-honored sanctuaries of man are being invaded by the frivolous female of the species. First it was the poor man's club house, the bar room, where the rich and poor alike rubbed elbows while lapping up the "biggest schooner in the state." With one pedal digit relaxed upon the highly polished brass rail. This grated the pure minds of a simple few, so that is all gone, gone the ways of the brown derbies and bull dog toe shoes.

Then it was our tonsorial palaces where we used to gather to be shorn of our facial adornment or to have our bald pate shined, while listening to rather risqué stories. No longer is it a twenty-minute wait while the man ahead gets a double header. Perched in the barber chair, thrilled with the thoughts of a boyish bob or a shingle, sits the intruder. Woman-like, she disregards the impatient gang, and consumes an hour on fault-finding and suggesting. Even the famous old "Police Gazette" is being replaced by "The Woman's Home Companion."

Even after all this she threatens to invade another field here-to-fore for "Men Only." Some woman suggests women cooks for the next war. Yea, brother, the next war will have its horrors. As if our patince has not undergone enough already with the whims and fancies of this trouble making sex. Why make things worse. They can never replace our "grease-balls." These "G.Bs" are as necessary to us as corn beef is to cabbage. Better stay at home, woman, you cause wars at home, let us have ours abroad. There, at least, we'll have a chance to win.

Picture this new fighting man, oh Caesar, Prince of Soldiers, with this feminine control of armies, your old skivvies will be replaced by negligee, your dirty O. D. shirt by a chemise, and the old regulation sock by these "full-fashioned, flesh-colored, sheer silk hose!" Vanity compacts will be standard equipment. Deliver me from these hectic days. A woman may be alluring on the dance floor or in a big chair, but in the galley she'll be a pain in the neck. Who could be depended upon to call "Her Highness" at 4 A. M. in a manner befitting to her station? Would it be: "Arise, Madame, your bath awaits. The gangs hungry. Snap outa your hop." Would it be permissible to dump the tired one on the deck, should she fail to respond at the second call? She is squeamish about a mere rodent now. How would a whole flock of cock roaches, swarming through the oatmeal, appeal to her?

Please leave us alone, woman. Our troubles are now many, please don't make them any worse. Oh for the days when men were men and women minded their own business.

Smile at this if you will, you doubtful ones, but let your memories drift back a bit. You laughed at the thought of "Votes for Women," well think . . . you sneered at Prohibition, well . . . try to get a decent eye opener now.

Fight, brothers, fight.

Adieu.

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Washington



**The Sinking of
the Merrimac**

On June 3rd, 1898, in the stifling darkness before the Cuban dawn, a blacker shape crept slowly into the mouth of Santiago Harbor, where Cervera's Fleet lay waiting its chance to attack—or escape. It was the collier Merrimac, manned by Lieut. Richmond Pearson Hobson and a daring crew of volunteers. Slowly she swung across the narrow entrance to the harbor and . . . a wandering searchlight, lazily sweeping the surface of the waters picked her up.

The Spanish batteries awoke, and in a hurricane of shot and shell, the Merrimac's seacocks were opened and she slowly sank, bottling up the Spanish Fleet. Hobson and his men escaped on a raft, and as the morning broke, the heroes of the Navy were picked up.

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HDQS. HURLED TO 2 MORE BY GREER AND STOLLE

Stolle Cheated Out of No-Hit No-Run Game by Fate

Off to a good start and holding the lead, Bud Fisher's Headquarters ball team took two more in the Potomac Park League. On July 13, they trimmed Public Buildings and Public Parks 17-2.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Miller, c-p.	6	4	3	10	0	0
Moore, lf.	6	2	3	0	0	0
Charles, ss-c.	6	2	2	6	3	0
Stevens, 3b.	6	3	4	1	0	0
Snyder, 1b-2b.	5	1	2	5	0	0
Greer, p-cf.	4	1	0	0	1	0
Stolle, cf-ss.	4	2	1	0	1	0
Murray, 2b-1b.	5	1	2	4	1	0
Beaver, rf.	5	1	3	1	0	0

Total 47 17 20 27 6 0
Stevens accounted for two homers. Three baggers, Miller and Murray. Greer allowed but 3 hits in 7 innings and fanned 9. Miller gave 2 hits and struck out 3 in 2 innings.

July 20, they crossed bats with the War Blues and hung up a 10-0 win over this Army aggregation.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Stock, cf.	5	1	2	2	0	0
Charles, ss.	4	1	1	1	2	0
Freeney, 1b.	5	2	1	8	0	0
Owens, 2b.	5	2	2	0	2	0
Snyder, 1b.	5	1	3	0	1	0
Stevens, 3b.	4	1	0	0	3	0
Murray, c.	5	1	1	15	0	0
Moore, lf.	3	1	1	1	0	0
Mitchell, W., lf.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Stolle, p.	4	0	1	0	1	0

Total 42 10 12 27 9 0
Three base hits, Snyder, Freeney and Stevens. Two baggers, Charles, Owens, Snyder, Murray and Stolle.

Fate, that cruel master of circum-

Continued on page twelve

SHORTS ON SPORTS

By E. R. H.

Jack Dempsey shows all signs of getting ready to battle some one very shortly. He has started training by "shadow boxing" everyone connected with boxing in any capacity.

While there is the slightest chance of playing ball you'll always find GOOD ball players around.

Stolle, Stock and Captain Freeney are now in the uniform of the Headquarters nine and putting that outfit so far in the lead in the League they are in, that they will have to tie one arm behind each player to lose a game.

Even then it is felt they will out-hit every team they cross bats with.

This periodical has inaugurated a contest which will be known as THE LEATHERNECK'S MONTHLY ATHLETIC AWARD CONTEST.

To the victors belong the spoils. Go to it boys, and let's have some real competition in the four events.

A little tip is—"Practice makes perfect." Get out in your togs after hours and see how high you can put the stick on the high jump. Then, take a crack at the 100-yard dash. It is being done in a little over 10 flat, so grease up those lower extremities if you want to run in the money.

From now on, three pages will be devoted to sports.

It is up to you, reader, just what type sports you want to read in these columns. It is a hard proposition to please everyone, so if you will drop a little line and let us know what sport interests you the most, we will try to assemble these pages accordingly.

At the same time, send in your baseball results, boxing data, and all the "news that's fit to print" in the sporting line.

With YOUR cooperation, we can give you a bigger and better sport section.

NAVAL ACADEMY'S FALL GRID SCHEDULE

ANNAPOLIS—Naval Academy's football schedule for 1925 is as follows:

October 3, William and Mary College; October 10, Marquette University; October 17, Princeton University; October 24, Washington College; October 31, University of Michigan (at Ann Arbor, Mich.); November 7, Western Maryland College; November 14, Bucknell University; November 21, no game; November 28, Army (at New York City).

AROUND THE RINGS

New York—Charley "Phil" Rosenberg kayoed Eddie Shea, of Chicago, in the fourth round, thus retaining the bantamweight title.

New York—Jack Delaney won a technical knockout over Jack Burke, of Pittsburgh, in the ninth round of their scheduled ten-round bout.

Jimmy Goodrich, who recently annexed the lightweight title left by Benny Leonard, will fight twice the coming month. He will first take on Pep O'Brien, of Scranton, and later Rocky Kansas. His meeting with the latter will take place in Buffalo, Goodrich's home town.

Kid Kaplan will defend his featherweight crown against Babe Herman in a 12-round decision bout to be fought August 27.

With the passing of Pancho Villa has come a cry from every boxer in Villa's class for consideration when the crown is awarded to his legitimate flyweight successor. Of the many, two shine the brightest and undoubtedly the award will be made to one of these men. They are young Dencio and Frankie Genaro. Some say it is a toss up, others remark that a meeting is the only way to decide. We sponsor the latter plan.

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The Leatherneck To Award Best Athletes Monthly

FIELD MEET FEATURES

FOURTH IN HAITI

Second Regiment Marines Stage Spirited Inter-Battalion Contests

The Second Regiment celebrated the morning of our National Birthday by putting on an Inter-Battalion Field Meet on the Champ de Mars, before a large crowd of service people and members of the American Colony as spectators.

The following are the events and the winners in each:

Shot Put

Pvt. Beschstnor 3rd Battalion
Pvt. Kemp 1st Battalion
Pvt. Podersnok 2nd Battalion

880-Yard Dash

Pvt. McAdams 1st Battalion
Pvt. Johnson 2nd Battalion
Pvt. Meyer 2nd Battalion

High Jump

Pvt. Riffle 1st Battalion
Pvt. Marriott 3rd Battalion
PFC. Greer 3rd Battalion

One-Mile Relay (4 Men)

Cpl. Tarply 2nd Battalion
Cpl. Lane 2nd Battalion
Pvt. Wasserman 2nd Battalion
Pvt. Eagan 2nd Battalion

100-Yard Dash

Pvt. Wallace 1st Battalion
Pvt. Wasserman 2nd Battalion
Pvt. Lutz 1st Battalion

Running Broad Jump

Pvt. Wasserman 2nd Battalion
Cpl. Morgan 2nd Battalion
Pvt. Riffle 1st Battalion

220-Yard Dash

Pvt. Lutz 1st Battalion
Pvt. Russo 2nd Battalion
Pvt. Kramer 1st Battalion

Standing Broad Jump

Pvt. Martin 1st Battalion
Pvt. Yeager 2nd Battalion
Sgt. Vanderver 1st Battalion

One-Mile Relay (8 Men)

Cpl. Tarply 2nd Battalion
Pvt. Russo 2nd Battalion
Pvt. Meyer 2nd Battalion
Pvt. Rogal 2nd Battalion
Pvt. Wasserman 2nd Battalion
Pvt. Eagan 2nd Battalion
Pvt. Yeager 2nd Battalion
Cpl. Mickivicius 2nd Battalion

Final Standing

Second Battalion 38 Points
First Battalion 32 Points
Third Battalion 9 Points

In the evening everybody that possibly could turned out for the smoker which, owing to the rain, had to be staged in the Recreation Hall instead of out in the open.

The first event was a wrestling match between Private Smith and Private Hagood, who put up a good exhibition of their specialty. This match was a draw.

In the first boxing bout Private Jeffers gave all he had but Private Karant was too much for him and received the decision on a technical knockout in the second round.

Tpr. Junken and Private O'Donnel fol-

Continued on page thirteen

Pavo Nurmi Favors
"Coaxing Inducements"
For Amateur Athletes

NEW YORK, July 21 (By A. P.).—There are two kinds of amateur athletes, ideal and practical, according to an interview with the world's greatest middle distance runner, Pavo Nurmi of Finland.

In discussing amateurism with a representative of the Idrottsbladet, official athletic organ of Sweden, Nurmi let it be known that the American officials were proceeding in the right direction by eliminating petty rules from the code of the amateur and permitting what he terms "coaxing inducements."

Ideal amateurism, he explained, is holding to the opinion that sport is for health and happiness. The practical brand is that described as that used to make a nation internationally known. During Nurmi's recent visit to this country, Finland received publicity worth millions of dollars.

Ideal athletics, he continued, would be unable to develop top men such as nations strive to bring out. In America, however, he said that he found that an athlete has opportunity to arrange as he pleases and is not denied "coaxing inducements," as it is realized that athletes meet many hard propositions in their daily lives.



Hdqs. Hurler to 2 More by Greer and Stolle

Continued from page eleven

stances, showed its hand in this game. This time it was a baseball player who played the role of the victim. Stolle, had a coveted "no-hit, no-run" game within his grasp. He had held the War Blues hitless for eight innings. Then in the ninth, the first two batters were easy outs. The third batsman was the last barrier to be surmounted. Stolle had

PRIZES TO GO TO HIGHEST GENERAL AVERAGE MEN

High Men For May to Be Awarded in Next Issue

With a view of cooperating with the recent inauguration of the Marine Corps' Monthly Athletic Tests, which are held monthly at all Posts, and, as an added incentive to the men competing in these Tests, THE LEATHERNECK will make three awards every month to the first three men scoring the highest general averages in four events in these tests. Namely, the 100-yd. dash, the running broad jump, the running high jump and the bar vault.

The averages will be figured from reports submitted from Headquarters, and will be estimated from the highest marks attained in each event, and not from points gained.

The first of these awards, to be made to the three highest men for the month of May, will be made in the next issue of THE LEATHERNECK, but in the future these awards will be made in the first issue of every month. These awards will be made:

Rules Governing Awards

- 1—Every enlisted man and officer taking these tests is eligible.
- 2—Only marks and percentages received through Headquarters will be computed in making the awards.
- 3—A man gaining First Highest General Average twice in succession will not be eligible for First Prize more than once, but his score will be credited to him towards THE LEATHERNECK'S GRAND AWARD.

THE LEATHERNECK'S MONTHLY ATHLETIC AWARD CONTEST

First Award—A beautiful Radio-lite Wristwatch.
Second Award—An Autostrop Razor.

Third Award—2 One-year subscriptions to the LEATHERNECK.

The Leatherneck's Grand Award
\$25.00 in Gold

To be presented to the man who scores the Highest General Average in the four events for THREE months in SUCCESSION.

slipped two strikes over him and the cherished ambition of all pitchers seemed easily within his grasp. But Fate stepped in, the batter singled, ruining the perfect "no-hit, no man reach first" game. The next batter also singled, but the cause of all the trouble was erased at the plate.

In four games played to date, the Marines have totaled 44 runs to their opponents 3, and have made but two errors.

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Walter Vance Corps' Cleverest Boxer

LIGHTWEIGHT RAPIDLY CLIMBING INTO FAME

At Present Parris Island Boxing Instructor

Out on the Island call PARIS, but spelt PARRIS, is stationed Corporal Walter Vance, who through his past record is establishing himself as one of the cleverest, hard hitting little lightweights the Corps can boast of to-day. This writing finds him as Assistant to Lieutenant R. A. Boone, boxing instructor of Parris Island and former Naval Academy champ, and in this capacity Vance is invaluable.

Since Vance's appearance on the Island in 1923, and from the time he was taken under the wing of Billy Roche, now retired Sgt. Major, his record has been spectacular, creating a stir in civilian circles in the South. Of a total of sixteen encounters Vance has won fourteen. Nine of these being knockouts gained before the fourth round, five decisions and has suffered two setbacks, these being newspaper decisions. Last May, Vance met Lee Kid Johnson in Charlotte, N. C. and in the ninth round knocked this veteran into the land of birdies. Busting his record and reputation in one punch.

The Fourth of July Johnny Marlowe, much touted featherweight of Georgia, who won a decision over Vance last year, returned to Parris Island and was trimmed to a T by this slashing Marine in ten-rounds, who made weight for Marlowe. This last victory undoubtedly pushes this 130 pound Islander to the fore in the lightweight class and it is simply the opportunity for fights that Vance needs to really gain for him the reputation he can covet if in a Post that was more accessible to ring centers.

Vance has a mode of fighting that is a nightmare to the majority of men he meets. He can lead with either hand, carrying a punch that is effective when it lands and can take as well as give a great deal of punishment without the slightest sign of effort.

The writer, who has seen Vance fight, feels that he is not going wrong when he states that this lightweight will go far in his class, especially if he were stationed at a Post that is near some good civilian fight centers which would allow him an opportunity to step out with men cleverer than himself. If drill makes a soldier, so too does fighting make a boxer.

BREAKS RECORD

Ray Schalk, having finished catching a double header for the White Sox on July 21, also found he had broken all records for games caught by one man in the American League. Schalk had caught 1,576 games. The old record was held by Jim McGuire in "the good old days" of 1,574 games.

On July 26, Rogers Hornsby, St. Louis Cardinals' star, cracked out his 25th circuit blow, and broke the tie which he had been sharing with Ken Williams, of the St. Louis Browns.

WALTER VANCE, FAST LIGHTWEIGHT WITH HIS TRAINER
AND MANAGER, BILLY ROCHE



Marines in Haiti Celebrate Fourth

Continued from page twelve

lowed with a snappy three-round fight in which neither had a shade on the other.

In the third bout Private Heindrich of the Regiment crossed mitts with Private Piscitelli of Brigade Headquarters. This bout was scheduled for 4 rounds. At the end of the 4th round the judges declared it a draw so they went at it for another, and then for still another with the decision still a draw. Heindrich broke a thumb in the 2nd round, but even so handicapped it seemed to us of the Regiment that he had it slightly on the lad from Brigade Headquarters.

In the next bout of 3 rounds Private

Combs received the decision over Private Eldridge.

The last and big event of the evening between Private Hudson of the Regiment and Private Corbett from Brigade Headquarters caused us all some heartburnings. The local boy was heavily backed to win and he gave all he had but the boy with "Gentleman Jim's" name was the better man for the evening, at least, and won via the K. O. route in the fifth. When Hudson gets a little more training it may be a different story.

The smoker was run in the regular open-handed Regimental style, which means that it was a smoker where there were "smokes" and plenty to eat.

Captain of the Port, Norcott, refereed all bouts.

THE GAZETTE

Major General John A. Lejeune,
Commandant.

Officers last commissioned in the
grades indicated:

Col. F. E. Evans.
Lieut. Col. R. B. Creecy.
Maj. John A. Gray.
Capt. R. H. Pepper.
First Lieut. R. A. Boone.

Officers last to make number in the
grades indicated:

Col. H. R. Lay.
Lieut. Col. H. O. Smith.
Maj. Benj. A. Moeller.
Capt. L. R. Warriner.
First Lieut. I. W. Miller.

RECENT ORDERS

July 21, 1925

Maj. C. L. Gawne. Assigned to duty
as Fleet Marine Officer on the Staff
of the Commander-in-Chief, Asiatic
Fleet, U. S. S. Huron.

Maj. L. W. T. Waller, Jr., MCR. On
August 31, assigned to active duty for
training as Assistant Executive Offi-
cer, National Matches, Camp Perry,
Ohio, and upon completion of the Na-
tional Matches, relieved from active
duty.

Maj. C. H. Wells. Detached from duty
as Fleet Marine Officer on the Staff
of the Commander-in-Chief, Asiatic
Fleet, U. S. S. Huron to MB, NS,
Cavite, P. I.

Capt. J. D. Macklin, MCR. On July 31
detached from MB, Quantico, Va., and
on August 1, relieved from active duty.

Capt. J. J. Staley, MCR. On July 31
detached from MB, Quantico, Va., and
on August 1, relieved from active duty.

Capt. H. C. Pierce. Detached MB, Quan-
tico, Va., to NS, Pensacola, Fla.

July 20, 1925

No orders were announced on this date.

July 22, 1925

Col. Carl Gamborg-Andersen. Retired
and assigned to active duty in Com-
mand of the MB, NS, Guam.

Col. R. C. Berkeley. Detached MB,
Quantico, Va., to the Army War Col-
lege, Washington, D. C.

Maj. N. A. Eastman. Detached MB,
Nyd, New York, N. Y., to duty as
Fleet Marine Officer, Scouting Fleet,
U. S. S. Wyoming.

Maj. L. W. Hoyt. Detached MB, Quan-
tico, Va., to the Ecole de Guerre, Paris,
France.

Maj. A. B. Miller. Detached MCB, San
Diego, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Maj. C. B. Vogel. Detached from duty
as Fleet Marine Officer, Scouting Fleet,
U. S. S. Wyoming, to MB, Quantico,
Va.

Capt. O. C. Hine. Detached MB, Quan-
tico, Va., to MB, Nyd, Norfolk, Va.

Capt. J. T. Walker. Detached MB, Nyd,
Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. T. McK. Schuler. Detached MB,
Quantico, Va., to 1st Brigade, Port-
au-Prince, Haiti.

July 23, 1925

Major John J. Dooley, MCR. On August
11, assigned to active duty for train-
ing with the Marine Corps Rifle and
Pistol Team Detachment, Rifle Range,
Wakefield, Mass.

July 24, 1925

Col. James C. Breckinridge. Detached

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford,
Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.

A visit to Quantico always brings
memories of things that have occurred
in other posts far away from this noted
Marine Camp on The Potomac. The rea-
son for this is that you meet up con-
stantly with men you also have met else-
where. Sergeant Majors Abrogast and
Dean were there on the occasion of my
last visit and both were feeling the heat
more than they had done in Haiti. Of
course you also meet many of the almost
permanent attaches, such as, well, Gun-
nery Sergeant Green, the Chief Forester
who has recently taken unto himself a
wife. Then, W. G. Johnson of Gym
fame, noted for having so little to say,
and doing his work steadily and well, also
found the nerve to pop the fatal ques-
tion, received "Yes" as the answer and I
found the Mr. and Mrs. happy as turtle
doves.

Sergeant Bartley is too much settled to
follow suit yet some day perhaps he
may get tired of being single. Bartley is
a good reliable fellow and Major Van-
dergrift is always sure in the athletic
storeroom that Bartley is on the job.

I heard Sergeant A. J. Chase play the
Gym organ in fine style during the mov-
ies. Chase can surely bring some lovely
music out of the splendid instrument of
which Quantico is the proud possessor.
The orchestra also were in excellent
shape and rendered some first class ac-
companiments.

Floyd C. Bowen is now the Mess Ser-

MB, Washington, D. C., to duty as
Fleet Marine Officer, U. S. Fleet,
U. S. S. Seattle.

Lt. Col. John C. Beaumont. Detached
from duty as Fleet Marine Officer,
U. S. Fleet, U. S. S. Seattle, to Head-
quarters, Marine Corps.

Major Andrew B. Drum. Detached MB,
NS, New Orleans to the MB, Quantico,
Va.

Major Calhoun Ancrum. Detached MB,
Quantico, Va., to the MB, Nyd,
Charleston, S. C.

Major Charles F. B. Price. Detached
MB, Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station.

Capt. Robert L. Montague. Detached
MB, Nyd, Washington, D. C., to In-
fantry School, Fort Benning, Ga.

First Lt. John H. Layne, MCR. On July
26 assigned to active duty for train-
ing with the Marine Battalion Scout-
ing Fleet, Rifle Range, Glenburnie,
Md., and on August 31, relieved from
active duty.

July 27, 1925

Col. Frank E. Evans. On August 10,
detached Naval War College, Newport,
R. I., to Army War College, Washing-
ton, D. C.

Col. James T. Bootes. Retired.
Lt. Col. Richard P. Williams. Detached
U. S. S. California to MB, Parris Is-
land, S. C.

Lt. Col. Raymond B. Sullivan. Detached
Headquarters Marine Corps, to duty
as Fleet Marine Officer, Battle Fleet,
U. S. S. California.

Captain Charles L. Eichmann. Retired
as of August 7, 1925.

1st Lt. Robert C. Kilmartin. Detached
MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Nyd, Phila-
delphia, Pa.

geant of the 51st Company while Stan-
ley Jagooz has the 18th. Around these
galleys I ran across Sergeant Eugene
Rousseau, who looks none the worst for
his 11½ years service, also First Ser-
geant John McHugh.

It is now just over eight years since
Quantico leaped into such prominence as
to be known outside its native circle. The
Marines landed and at once the situa-
tion was not only well in hand but things
were changed. Among the earliest ar-
rivals was Chaplain E. B. Niver from
Baltimore who held his first services ten
days later in one of the first mess halls.
Father Martin, a local priest celebrated
mass in the same place. In August the
first "Y" building was erected and in this
place regular services were conducted by
both clergymen until January 1918 when
the K. or C. building was in readiness
for service and the Catholic Chaplain
then held his services there. There has
always been the utmost cordiality in the
operations of the religious workers of
this post and the work has been con-
ducted in that happy fellowship that still
exists. Chaplain Niver is still there and
is most happily associated with Father
Murphy in the direction of spiritual af-
fairs of the large body of Marines always
stationed there.

Sergeant Keeley of 16 years service
is one of the most reliable men who
could be selected for the position he oc-
cupies. The pity is that such a post is
necessary but police sergeants are re-
quired and none could manage better
than Keeley. Full of sympathy for the
boy who falls, yet stern and rigid in
discipline, he is one of the most likable
fellows and the Irish in him makes him
a favorite even with his prisoners.

I have written these notes in Florida.
The song says:

"I've been feeling so lonely,
I've been feeling so blue,
There's a place I want only
And no other will do;
Sunland is calling me,
Florida, that's where I'll be,
Land of the flowers and honey,
Where it's always sunny—
And I'm agoing soon, you see!"

I have been here a whole week. It
has rained nearly all the time. The sun
has shown up once or twice. My ad-
vice is "Come to Florida but come when
it does not rain for its sure wet."

If you want to get something for noth-
ing read page 7. This is not a "gold
brick," but a golden opportunity.

Two dormice laid up for the winter in a
church. They met in the spring and com-
pared notes.

"How did you get on?" said one to his
little friend.

"Had a rotten time, couldn't sleep a
wink. I laid up in the belfry and the
continual noise was dreadful; how about
yourself?"

"Slept like a top; never disturbed once
the whole winter; you see, I slept in the
offertory box."—Globe and Laurel.

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"I tell you, Mary, that made me feel mighty fine. And to think I owe it all to you! I might still be drudging along in the same old job at the same old salary if you hadn't urged me to send in that I. C. S. coupon!"

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